VOX LACHRYM

A

SERMON

Newly Held Forth at

Weavers-hall,

UPON THE

FUNERAL

OF THE

Famous T. O. ates

DOCTOR of *Salamancha.*

By *Elephant Smith*, Claſpmaker, an unworthy Labourer in the Affairs of the *Good Old Cauſe.*

Printed at *Franefort*, for the benefit of the Faithful there, and for the Saints under the Covenant in *Scotland*, but more eſpecially recommended to the Bret[illegible] in *England.* 1681.

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NOX LACRYMÆ.

A Funeral Sermon ON THE DOCTOR of *Salamancha*.

The Text is taken out of *Hudibras*, Canto or Chap. 1. Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.

When Civil Dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When Hard words, Jealousies, and Fears,
Set Folk together by the Ears,---Then,&c.

NOW, Beloved, it will seem strange to a great many who hear me this day, that I should chuse for my Text the words of prophane *Hudibras*: nay, it may possibly give great offence to many a well-meaning heart. But when I have opened and explained the words of our Poet to you, and cleared all Objections against the Text, you will then

find many Truths contained therein, worthy the conſideration of all the Faithful; yea, I ſay, things of high value, and of great moment (eſpecially at this time, I ſay, in this day of Tribulation and Anguiſh, Fear and great Diſappointment) to all the Saints.

Oh, let us but conſider, dear hearts, how ſtrangely of late our good Cauſe flags! notwithſtanding the great and indefatigable Endeavours of all the Zealous in the Land, yet there ſeems (as it were) a dark Cloud to hang over the heads of the Godly, and the Prophane do as it were rejoyce, yea, ſeem to triumph over us; endeavouring with all might to batter down the *Babel* we were erecting for *Lot*'s Little Ones.

Oh, what hopes had we, when firſt the Curſed Helliſh Plot was diſcover'd to us by this our dear departed Brother! Yea, I ſay, what hopes, what longings, thirſtings, and pantings was there among all the Saints, that Power and Dominion, the Sword of Juſtice and of *Gideon*, might be put into their hands, to pull down, root up, and caſt out from amongſt us all the Abominations of the Scarlet Whore: And thoſe more eſpecially that endavoured to exalt her Throne; ſuch who

carry

carry the mark of the Beast in their foreheads, who have ſet their faces againſt *Zion*, and cried out, *Let Deſolation be amongſt them.* Yea, I ſay, what longings, thirſtings, and pantings was there among the Saints, that this might have been accompliſhed!

But, my beloved, you will ſay, What's all this to the Text? Why truly, Friends, I cannot ſay 'tis much to it: However, let me but beg this favour of you, that I may proceed a little further on this ſad Theme, and then I ſhall come to the unfolding thereof, and find out therein many hidden and cloſe-lying Myſteries, which do highly concern the Faithful throughout the three Kingdoms. To go on then---

I ſay, when our departed Brother had (as it were) powerfully laid out himſelf, yea, ſpending himſelf night and day in diſcovering and finding out new Diſcoveries, Conſults, Cabals of the Grand Emiſſaries of Romiſh *Babylon*, (contrived againſt the peace of our *Zion*) oh, how was he ſlighted and diſregarded, ſcandaliz'd, and reproached by the Popiſh and Popiſhly affected Crew! inſomuch that our Brother was neceſſitated to take unto his aſſiſtance the valiant and ſtout Aſſertor

of

of the true Protestant Cause, Sir *W*——*W*——, even as a Second to him, yea, to stand by him in finding out those pack of Villains; which when apprehended by both their Zeal and Valour, was justly delivered over to the Justice of our Jury. Yea, do but consider the Zeal our Brother put into that precious Knight: Did he not seize bundles of the prophane and superstitious Rags belonging to that Scarlet Whore? (such as the Effigie of Christ, and other things) which through his enraged Zeal was burnt to Ashes, notwithstanding the outcrying Clamours of the Wicked, yet did he do it before their very faces.

And then again, how was that renowned and valiant *Bedloe* brought over to our Cause! Had he but lived, no doubt further and fresher Discoveries he would have made, to the great satisfaction of all the Saints.

But still you will say I am far from the Text: I will therefore immediately proceed towards it, and from the four Verses thereof draw these four Conclusions, and then deliver some useful Exhortations and howling Lamentations, and so conclude. Pray, my Beloved, mind it closely.

First,

First,

When Civil Dudgeon first grew high.

Now you must note, Friends, that the word *Dudgeon* is commonly rendred by the great Doctors of our Way (viz. *Jack* of *Leyden*, *Knipperdoling*, *Wat Tyler*, and others,) to be a *SAINT*, yea, a humble, debasing, self-denying *SAINT*; one who seems as it were to lie flat and low before, yea, before the Wicked in the day of Distress and Disappointment, *viz.* when the Wicked have power and dominion over him. So that when he has thus been debased, captivated, and vexed by the Cruelties of the Prophane, and at any time after this there happens as it were a dawning of Light, Comfort, and Relief upon him, from the Oppressions of the Wicked, then, yea then, I say, does our Saint arise from such his Debasement (and *grow high*) viz. search after his Enemy where he lurks till he finds him; and then persecute and smite him as an *Amalekite*.

Secondly.

Secondly.

And men fell out they knew not why.

Now verily, Beloved, this is a great and ſad truth. But pray mind it: There's a prodigious and vaſt difference between the Outgoings of the Saints, and Incomings of the Wicked, in the days of Darkneſs and Clamour. So that it may be very lawful for the Saints to murmur and complain for reaſons ſufficient or not ſufficient, for reaſons beſt known to themſelves, and at ſuch time or times when they pleaſe; as 'tis very admirably held forth by thoſe pretious Teachers of our Way, *Bunnyan* the Tinker of *Bedford*, Mr. *Dolittle*, *Farndon*, and many others; but more elaborately handled in my *Eighty ſeven Signes of a Dying Chriſtian.*

Now, Beloved, the great reaſon hereof, is this: The Saints, you muſt know, have prodigious and vaſt Priviledges inherent in them, beyond thoſe of the Wicked. As firſt, (and on this ſubject I ſhall lay my ſelf out very powerfully; and pray mind it.)

Firſt, I ſay, the Priviledges of the Saints, as they are Innumerable, ſo they are Numberleſs. 'Tis

'Tis their priviledge to bind Kings in Chains, and their Nobles in Links of Iron.

'Tis their priviledge to root out and supplant, and undermine whatever Intereſt or Power ſets it ſelf up againſt our *Zion*.

'Tis their priviledge ſolely to fall out they know not why, as in the Text.

'Tis their priviledge to cry out, *Popery, Popery:* whether there's reaſon for't or no, that's all one to the Saints.

'Tis their Priviledge to beſpatter great Miniſters of State, and to beget a Hatred in the breaſts of the People to all Conſtitutions Sacred or Civil.

'Tis their priviledge to alienate the hearts of the People either to follow after King *David*, or pragmatical young *Abſalom*.

And further, 'tis their priviledge to ſwear either backward or forward, as the Caſe of the Saints may at any time require it. As it was evident in the late Caſe of *Gregory* Father *Greybeard*; but more powerfully declared in his *Naked Truth*.

'Tis their priviledge to call all Biſhops, Deans, *&c.* Servants and Factors for the Scarlet Whore; yea, formal, covetous, Advancers of the Romiſh Abominations, no Labourers

in the Vineyard (though the Saints at the ſame time know there are a great many good and holy men amongſt them ;) yet 'tis their priviledge to fall out with the very Order and Conſtitution, as Antichriſtian.

'Tis their ſole priviledge to affirm, that no Penal Statutes, either of Queen *Elizabeth* or this King, was (or ought to be) intended to controul the Saints ; but that they were onely meant to convert and chaſtize the Children of the Whore of *Babylon*. And ſo much, as it were, by the way of Priviledge.

Thirdly.

When Hard words, Jealouſies and Fears.

This, Beloved, is a Verſe, I ſay, very hard to be underſtood : for the Prophane and the Wicked do ſolely attribute all *Hard words, Fears, and Jealouſies* (which are got among the people) to the Saints. But they do it for this reaſon : Becauſe they underſtand not the divers Methods and Ways by which the Saints do manage their good Cauſe, *viz.* in reducing of Monarchies and States to become ſubſervient to their great ends and purpoſes. As for inſtance, could they, poor Wretches, look

look into our Conſults, Cabals, and Intrigues from 1636. to 1641. till 'twas beyond all their power to reſiſt us?

Oh, how did we labour then (as we do now) to render the King and all his faithful Miniſters odious to the People, by alleadging they lookt all towards *Rome*, and their Deſignes were wholly laid for the advancing the Great Whore!

How did we (even as now too) whiſper theſe Fears and Jealouſies into the Ears of the Citizens of *London*, till they were perſwaded even as one man to go out and help the Lord againſt the Mighty! though we know 'twas deſigned to root out, ſmite, and deſtroy the then Powers of the Kingdom.

How did all our precious ſanctified Holders forth lay themſelves out powerfully, by amazing the Vulgar with Prodigies, as *Armies fighting in the Air*, *Raining of Bloud*, *and Coles of Fire*, &c. and wonderful ſucceſs we had from that ſubject! And all theſe things were attributed to the coming in of Popery (when we knew that Presbyterianiſm was in the bottom on't.) Nay, if the King of *Sweden*, *Guſtavus Adolphus*, and the Emperour fall out, and *Guſtavus* gets the better a little, why

preſently he muſt be that perſon mentioned in the *Revelations* that was to pull down the Scarlet Whore, the Beaſt with ten horns, *&c.* as 'tis well obſerved by Father *Brightman*, that alſo did us a rare piece of Service at that time.

Then, when we had brought things into a mighty flame, and had cried out of Popery, that 'twas coming in as a Torrent, yea, as a mighty Flood, how did we contrive an excellent Covenant to root out Biſhops, that we might with more eaſe get poſſeſſion of their Lands! (for ſay what you will, my Friends, Saints or no Saints, there's no Cauſe can be carried on without Money.) I ſay, then 'twas we began to take upon our ſelves the Defence of both King and People; but 'twas indeed to deſtroy the one, and new model and enſlave the other, as the Prophane do often reproach us for.

The Text then was, *Curſe ye Meroz*; but *Bloud* and *Plunder* was our *Comment* and *Uſe*.

Now all theſe Inſtances and Practices the ſtupid and prophane could not fathom, till 'twas too late. Yea, how did we ſcatter the Wicked as Chaff before us! root out a mighty Monarch, and deſtroy all his Adherents!

and

and made them our ſcorn and deriſion! and ſet up the meaneſt of our People to controul and humble the Great Ones! Such, I ſay, as our Triumphant *Hewſon*, *Harriſon*, *Desborough*, and many other choice Ones amongſt us. Yea, how did they make the haughty ones lie low before them in their day of Power and great Liberty!

Then, I ſay, was our *Zion* neer eſtabliſhing; and had been ſo, if the Hypocriſie and Backſliding of many amongſt us, had not hindred our Settlement.

Oh what great Rejoycing and Comfort would have been among the Saints, when all Dominion and Power had been inveſted in them, when they might lawfully have taken (that is, by Laws of their own making) into their poſſeſſion the Eſtates of the Wicked, in order to the eſtabliſhing of the Saints for ever. And ſo much for the third thing I was to ſpeak to.

Fourthly and Laſtly.
Set Folk together by the Ears, &c.

Now, Beloved, here's the reſult of *Fears and Jealouſies*. We have been at this Sport once

once already, and poſſibly may be ſo again, if Popery and Arbitrary Power will come in upon us. But there's nothing frets and gauls us more than ſome uncough Statutes made ſince 1660. Truly we know not what to ſay to 'em.

Oh, what Tug, and Sweat, and Bloud, Oaths and Engagements have we run through, and yet are we unſetled! Whereas heretofore we could prevail for Triennial Parliaments, and at laſt for a *Continuando* one, and then the Militia. Aye, that, that did our buſineſs of old; we then made uſe of our Priviledges to ſound purpoſe. But now if we do but Petition, Cabal, or Addreſs, and Club for a Parliament [pray mark the difference between that time and this] behold, how are we rejected, ſlighted, and deſpiſed, as if our Governours had found out the falſe Loons amongſt us! 'Twas true, heretofore in old time we had the confidence to ask ſuch things of our Governours as no other mortal Subjects ever preſumed to do, in order to the promoting our Cauſe. Yet we now find by woful experience, that the Prophane have of late greatly outdone us; yea, verily we ſeem to reel, and are ready as it were to fall before

before them in this day of Diſtreſs, Diſappointment, and Fear.

Well, Beloved, let's not give over however: conſider well the few Priviledges we have left, and manage them with all prudence and diligence; eſpecially at Elections of Publick Miniſters. Oh, I ſay, be very nimble with the Wicked at thoſe ſolemn Aſſemblies: Let us ſtill tell them of the vaſt numbers of our ſober Party, (but one thing I find will not hold water any longer, that did us mighty ſervice three years ago) that is, loading the Prophane with odious Terms, Abhorrers, Tories, Papiſts in Maſquerade, *&c.* I ſay, this will hold water no longer; nor can our Servants, *Care*, *Curtis*, or *Janeway*, make any further uſe of ſuch Loadings on the Shoulders of the Wicked.

Now verily, Friends, 'tis very hard with us: for notwithſtanding all our induſtrious Writing and Printing to maintain the Outworks, yet the Batteries of the prophane *HERACLITUS* and *OBSERVATOR*, (and ſome other lurking little ones) ſeem to threaten their downfal. Oh, I ſay, let us be upon our Watch, for the *Philiſtins* are upon us. And ſo much for the fourth and laſt thing

thing propoſed to have been ſpoken to the words of prophane *Hudibras*.

I ſhall now ſum up all with ſome uſeful Exhortations, and howling Lamentations for the loſs of our departed Brother, and ſo bid you good night.

And firſt of all, let every one that hears me this day, I ſay, all the Faithful (for there may chance to be wicked ones amongſt us) conſider what to do in this day of Trouble and Diſappointment: See how we are ſcatter'd and ruin'd in all our Deſigns and Projects which we had laid to root out Popery firſt, and ſet up our ſelves next! Behold, I pray, and conſider, this is a day of Anguiſh and Trouble to all the Saints.

Alas, what has all our Pamphlets done? or our Preachments; our *Naked Truths*; our *Plato Redivivuſſes*; our *Treatiſes againſt lawful Succeſſion*; our *Bacon*'s Treaſonable Hiſtory; our beſpattering the Royal Family in many Pamphlets, as of old, by the foul mouths of a ſtrange ſort of Evidence-folk; our printing noble, peeviſh, treaſonable Speeches;

Speeches; our aiming at the Mitre; our little Antimonarchical Clubs; our *Sun-Tavern* Dinners; our ſtriving to make the noble Houſekeeper S---ff *B---l* Parliament-man; our State-Juggles; our Packing Juries; our riding to *Oxon* to defend the Parliament; our All, our every thing we have done; our zealous Labouring to no more purpoſe; our riſing early and ſitting up late to promote the good Cauſe? Alas, what has all this availed us? have we not, notwithſtanding all this zealous care, almoſt loſt our Popiſh Plot in a Fog?

How are our *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* Evidence, which we embraced and hug'd as it were in our Boſoms; I ſay, how have the Prophane brought them over even to teſtifie againſt the Saints! Onely our departed Brother ſtood firm to the laſt breath. How did he confront ſome of them in the Caſe of dear *Colledge*? and what Reproaches were there caſt on him for it by the Prophane? Did they not tax him with Pride, Ignorance, Avarice, Swearing backward and forward, as Intereſt and Diſcovery came in? I ſay, theſe were the Yokes the Wicked laid as a Bur-

then on the neck and ſhoulders of our Brother.

Let us alſo conſider how ſtrangely we miſcarried in the Caſe of our Friend *Colledge*; (that ſtout Aſſertor of Liberty and Property, and defender of Parliaments) we fell ſhort, I ſay. But I dare not touch too much on this point: *Mortuus eſt.* So ſtout as he was, the Prophane have made him depart the World in a String.

Therefore, Beloved, ſince 'tis ſo with us, let us take unto our ſelves a Lamentation, and ſeem to mourn all day for the loſs of theſe our beſt Friends. We did well in the laſt *IGNORAMUS*: Oh let there be many more ſuch *IGNORAMUSSES*, to preſerve the Saints from falling into the Snare of the Prophane.

Let us not ſtare and gaze on one another, as if we were engaged in a general Guilt; but let us lie *cloſe*, yea, I ſay, *cloſe*: for the Prophane of late look narrowly after us; and there ſeems as it were a Storm neer at hand.

I ſhould now proceed to bear Teſtimony to the great Parts of our departed Brother; but

but 'tis a way the worldly Preachers have amongſt them, and ſo I ſhall forbear.

Onely let me ſay this of him :

He has been the Scourge of Romiſh Babylon.
An Enemy to all the Popiſhly affected Crew.
A Boſom-friend to all Proteſtant Diſſenters.
A ſtanding Evidence in all Caſes whatever relating to the Helliſh Whoriſh Plot.

And ſo let him reſt in Peace.

AMEN.

FINIS.